

Touch

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Summary: She has never been a big fan of touching. Never. But now, things have changed and she is learnig to love being touched.

Touch

She has never been a big fan of touching. Never. In fact, she had to struggle during years to accept a caress, a hug or a kiss. More years to accept or show some kind of affection in public. But Robin has changed everything.

From the first day, he wanted to touch her every second. He wanted to hold her in her arms in order to be sure she'll never run away from him. And she fought with herself so hard. She bit her tongue more times she can even remember to avoid yelling at him to let her go, to give her some space. But he was so charming, and loving and protective she felt terribly bad just for thinking of saying this words out loud.

Even thought she'd never dared to speak those words, she avoided his contact as much as she could so, with time, as their relationship moved forward, he learned not to touch her that much.

When they were in public, he only held her hand when she offered first and only kissed her when she was so close he couldn't resist the temptation to put his lips on top of hers.

And at home, things weren't so different. In front of the kids, she didn't like the idea of show off their love. Roland was too young and full of questions about kisses in the mouth she preferred avoid to answer until the boy was older. And Henry was too teenager to stand a kiss between their parents without faking a heaving.

Even in the couch, she avoided cuddling with him. She only accepted cuddles from Roland and that was because those damned dimples in his face made impossible for her to say no to any of his request.

In a few months this little boy accepted her as mother, loved her as if she were so and bonding with him, letting him touch her, was more important for her than any feeling she could have.

Also, rubbing his back while she felt asleep, remembered her in so many ways Henry's childhood and those little moments they shared every night. And it made her feel so well she learned to love this moments with her new son.

It wasn't until they were alone that she let him kiss every inch of her body, hold her between his arms as he whispered love words into her ear, made her feel so special with the touch of her fingers running through her body.

She'd never told him but she loved feeling asleep with her head on his chest. She was unable to close his eyes until his arms were surrounding her. And slowly, that's how she learned to love being touched.

But now, things have changed. Now is she who aches for his touch. Who wants to feel him every second of her existence. Now a part of her also belongs to him and she wants him to feel free to touch her as much as he wants, wherever they are.

It's been five months since they discovered they're going to have a baby and she still feels guilty for the day Robin asked her if he could touch his bump, if it was okay for him to caress his belly and be close to their baby. She immediately answered him from that day until the baby was born her belly was also his and he could touch it when he wanted. He was the daddy of that baby and she wouldn't be an obstacle between both of them. She wanted him to be as close as he could before their little baby came in to this world. But the only fact he had to ask was something she still hold in her heart.

Now, lying in bed, her head resting on Robin's chest, his hand and hers interlaced on top of her swollen bump where their little girl is growing, she closes her eyes and thinks how much she loves touch now. How much she dares for a caress, a hug or a kiss even though it's in public, at home, in front of the kids or locked in their bedroom.

She has never been a big fan of touching. Never. But Robin and their growing family have shown her how to love being touched.

End
file.